

CHRISTIAN CHURCH PASTOR WEDS YOUNG ROCKVILLE WOMAN

Miss Mary R. Owens Becomes Bride of the Rev. James A. Hopkins.

ROCKVILLE, Md., Jan. 26.—The Rev. James Alva Hopkins, pastor of the Christian Church, at Romney, W. Va., and Miss Mary Roberts Owens, daughter of Mrs. Clara S. Owens, of Rockville, were married here yesterday afternoon, at the home of the bride's mother, before a small company of relatives and friends.

A woman's club has been organized at Bethesda, this county, with a large membership and the following officers: President, Mrs. Francis S. Gettendanner; first vice president, Mrs. E. T. Cronin; second vice president, Mrs. Morris L. Croxall; recording secretary, Mrs. Richard C. Drum-Hunt; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Charles F. Dickens; treasurer, Mrs. Danitt Morgan, and critic, Miss Lillian Miller.

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary E. Ricketts, widow of Robert H. Ricketts, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward E. Burroughs, in Washington, where she was visiting, took place this afternoon from the Baptist Church at Dderwood, the Rev. Samuel R. White, of Rockville, conducting the services. Interment was in the family burying ground, near Derwood. Mrs. Ricketts was eighty-one years old. She is survived by three sons and three daughters.

The executive committee of Montgomery County Federation of Women's Clubs has appointed Mrs. Little, of Forest Glen; Mrs. E. L. Baker, of Rockville; Mrs. William A. Solinger, of Bethesda; and Mrs. Armstrong, of Kensington, to a committee to nominate officers to be elected at the annual meeting of the federation, in Bethesda in May.

The funeral of Mrs. Emma E. Houser, wife of William F. Houser, who died from the flu, took place this morning from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Rev. William D. Keene, pastor of the church, conducted the services. Interment was in Rockville Cemetery.

Frank T. Glaze and Miss Fay H. Watkins, both of Damascus, were married in Rockville last evening by the Rev. Samuel R. White, of the Baptist Church.

Would Have Behrend Declared Bankrupt

Three creditors of Charles M. Behrend, owner and proprietor of a women's furnishing store at 922 F street northwest, today filed a petition in the District Supreme Court asking that he be declared a bankrupt, on the ground that he had committed acts of bankruptcy by paying three creditors with unsecured claims the sum of \$100 each. Hearing on the petition will be had February 14, a rule returnable on that date being laid.

Government Officials To Address Students

The fifteenth annual banquet of the Washington College of Law today was set for the evening of February 3, at Raucher's, Winifred T. Denison, Assistant Attorney General, will talk on "Following the Sugar Trail," and Cornelius C. Billings, First Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Mines, will speak about "Protection of Industrial Property." The junior class is in charge of the arrangements and Robert T. Tracy, president of that class, will be toastmaster. Other speakers announced are the dean, Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey; George H. McDonald for the alumni; and Miss Nita F. Allen, Miss Elizabeth M. Eggert and Miss Sue M. Lacy for the student body.

Masons Have Charge Of Flenniken Funeral

Masonic ceremonies for William Campbell Flenniken, of the Sixth police precinct, were held at his home, 3530 T street northwest, this afternoon at 3 o'clock, under the auspices of National Lodge, No. 12. Pallbearers were chosen from the Sixth and Third precincts, where Policeman Flenniken had fifteen years' service. They were Sgt. E. W. Brown, and Privates E. E. Allen and Ira Sheest, of the Third precinct, and Sgt. Edward Curry and Privates W. J. Canfield and William Fugitt, of the Sixth precinct. Interment was in Oak Hill cemetery.

Magnate Will Not Retire.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 26.—George F. Baer, president of the Philadelphia and Reading, will be seventy in September, but refuses to accept a pension and retire, although forcing his aged employees to do so.

Protect Yourself! Get the Original and Genuine

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK The Food-drink for All Ages. For infants, invalids, and growing children. Pure Nutrition, up building the whole body, invigorates the nursing mother and the aged. Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take as substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S. Not in Any Milk Trade.

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY M. DUFRENY'S QUEST

By GORON, Late Chief of the French Secret Service. (Copyright, 1911, Frank A. Munsey Company) Translated by Dorothy Drew-Jones.

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published The story opens at the pretty home of a M. Roger Dufreny, called the Villa des Roques. M. Roger Dufreny is a well-to-do man, and his wife Adrienne, who has spent the evening away from her home, and refuses to tell them where she went, and her husband, who has just returned, is a man of a certain reputation. Her servant, Josephine, whose sweetheart is "Bribe the Serpent," one of the most notorious Apaches in Paris, gives the information that Mme. Dufreny has been seen in the company of a man who is a well-known dealer in stolen goods. Mme. Dufreny is going to unravel the crime, one Chausseur, a well-known dealer who lives near Neuilly, suddenly disappears from his home one evening, and is found in a mysterious way, with a ghastly hand, which is identified as belonging to a mysterious young man, whom the second murder, a young detective enters the said ghastly as Narcisse, a music hall performer. Narcisse is a man of a certain reputation, and it is announced that the murderers of M. Roger Dufreny are about to be executed. The body of Chausseur is discovered.

Mme. Dufreny is visited in her apartment by a mysterious young man, whom she embraces and addresses as Leon. M. Dufreny interrupts their talk and Leon disappears. Narcisse sings at a music hall and is invited to a hibernian conference by Bribe and Fil-a-Bourra, another thief, to participate.

Bribe and Josephine seek to get Narcisse to sell two fine pieces of jewelry, which were stolen from the Dufrenys. A judicial inquiry is held at which Bribe and Josephine confess they stole the jewelry from the Dufrenys. Mme. Dufreny and Gisela Provin, her former governess, protest they have never seen the jewelry. It is found that the jewelry has disappeared from the magistrate Dufreny's possession.

Leon talks with his friend, Serge Jablow, a Russian. This man tells Leon the name of the man who is the thief. Serge's house is searched and he is arrested as a refugee. Pousse-Pousse finds a key in the house of Bribe. He sees Leon, but the young man escapes.

Matilde Roguet is visited by a veiled woman, who wishes to sell some unvaluable jewelry. She is taken to the house of Pousse-Pousse, and Marie arranges to give her visitor 2,000 francs for them.

Bribe succeeds in trapping Bribe, the Serpent, and Josephine, both of whom are found murdered. The jewelry in their possession which they admit came from the home of M. Roger Dufreny, is found. Bribe and Josephine, at the court hearing, swear the jewelry was stolen from the Dufrenys. Later Narcisse finds a dagger in the possession of one Mme. Casali, which is in the home of Dufreny when the latter was murdered. Mme. Casali says that the dagger was left with her by Bribe the Serpent.

Dufreny and Pousse-Pousse miss arresting two persons they believe guilty of some of the mysterious crimes, but recover the lost jewelry.

CHAPTER XXI (Continued)

DUFRENY dressed in a dark, well-worn overcoat and a soft hat, could pass unnoticed. Pousse-Pousse looked like a workman, and in an office garcon. The presence of the three sleuths in the cabaret, therefore, did not attract attention. They mingled with the employes from the Montmartre Cemetery and the Bretonneau Hospital.

"The viola, fiston," cried Pousse-Pousse when he saw Dufreny. "Any thing new?"

"Not much on my side. Have you got anything?"

"Hum! Nothing here. But I think if we go along by the Boulevard de la Chapelle we shall see things that are worth while."

"What?"

"I'm on the track of that rat," said Pousse-Pousse, taking a pull at the enormous pipe that he was rarely seen without. "who slipped between my legs in the Rue, nomad."

"Oh! our old Salafis. My compliments, old chap, if you catch him, I never saw one like him before."

"Who is the man?" asked Dufreny.

"What a hurry you're in, son. I said I was trailing something. I didn't speak of a man."

"Well, what do you know?"

"The other day I was walking along the Boulevard de la Gare. I was smoking my pipe. I want to see a fellow who works for a horse dealer over there. He was out, so while I waited I thought I'd walk up and down, when suddenly in the middle of the boulevard a crowd formed. I went over to see what was the matter."

"Always curious, this devil Pousse-Pousse," interrupted Salafis.

"That's me," said the old detective. "Well, there was a house being built—a poor affair, only three stories. The walls and the scaffolding were constructed on the six-four-two system; so much so that the bottom part had fallen, and a poor devil who was on the top was left clinging to a beam tied to a rope. They ran the firemen to get him down, and the crowd looked on anxiously. A workman who stood next

to me said: 'He's got five children; let's hope they get him down all right.' 'But, I said, 'can't he slip down, like he would on a greasy pole?' 'Mon Dieu, no!' said his comrades. 'You see, he isn't young, and besides, he's scared to death. Now, if it was a little chap who worked here last week—I never saw a chap run up a pole or make a leap like he could—he wouldn't have stayed up there one second. He climbed the buildings like a monkey, and when he took himself off he'd go like a great rat.'"

"Ah, ah, ah!" said Salafis. "My old vig, that's your own rat who climbed the garden wall. Ah, ah, ah!"

"Exactly that," said Pousse-Pousse. "Well, just then the firemen arrived and ran up the ladder and got the poor old chap down. He was pretty near scared out of his life."

"I turned to the man beside me, and I said: 'That chap you was talking about was just like a guy whom I knew: a big chap with red hair.' 'Oh! no,' he said; 'this is a slim young fellow, very dark, and he don't look like a laborer. The boss took him one morning when he wanted help. Then we kept him 'cause he worked like a nigger. Then three days ago a blond man came to see him, and they went off together. He never came back.'"

"There, you," cried Salafis. "It is your rat. The big chap is Serge Jablow, the Russian prince that they let go."

"Pousse-Pousse," said Dufreny, "that was a good clue—now we have got to trail him. This is the program; listen, both of you."

He laid out a plan while the two sleuths listened to him attentively, although with an indifferent manner. A few minutes later they separated, each of the three men going his own way.

CHAPTER XXII At the Moulin Galant. THE sumptuous establishment of the Moulin Galant was bright with many lights of different colors.



Crisco Marble Cake

- LIGHT PART: 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 cup Crisco, add salt, 1 teaspoon Cream of Tartar, 4 eggs (whites only), 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla. DARK PART: 1 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup Crisco, add salt, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup sour milk, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon Cream of Tartar, 1/2 teaspoon Soda, 4 eggs (yolks only), 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon; 1/2 teaspoon of allspice, cloves and nutmeg.

A shortening richer than butter! You will think that such a thing is impossible until you use Crisco where you now use butter, as for example in Marble Cake, which requires a cup of butter.

The best creamery butter which you can secure is nearly one-fifth water, while Crisco is all shortening. There is no moisture to dry out and Marble Cake, made with Crisco may be kept longer without loss of its original delicate flavor.

If you will use this recipe for Crisco Marble Cake, you will find that Crisco makes the whites part equal to angel food in whiteness and gives both the light and dark parts a fine, soft texture and a richer flavor than you have ever been able to secure before. You will find that it gives actually better results than butter, at half the cost.

Order a package of Crisco from your grocer and try it in this recipe for Crisco Marble Cake.

The Procter & Gamble Co. Sold in 25c packages by all grocers

about forty or forty-five years of age; but under his jet-black hair, which was slightly streaked with gray, he possessed a pair of bright eyes that were astonishingly young. He spoke again to the merchant.

"Monsieur," he said, "you have been so amiable at the risk of being indiscreet that I am going to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"Did I not see you the day before yesterday at the Arts and Industry Club, where I took luncheon with my friend, Prof. Berardi?"

"That is very possible," said Barnet-Dufour; "that is my club, and I go there almost every day to pass an hour or so."

"I shall have the pleasure of meeting you there perhaps during my stay in Paris?"

"The pleasure will be mine, monsieur. Then will you permit me to introduce myself?" said the stranger, taking a card from a handsome portfolio.

The merchant took the slip of cardboard, on which was engraved:

LOUIS CHARLES DES FONTAINES Proprietaire-agricome Port Louis.

And in small handwriting: GRAND HOTEL, PARIS.

The proprietaire-agricome thought it advisable to say: "I was born in the island of Maurice, but my family is of French origin, as almost all on the island are. One of my ancestors was attache at the court of King Louis XV, and this monarch was godfather to the Bourbons and their descendants."

"Such loyal sentiments from one so gracious could not but obtain the approbation of the Barnet-Dufours, and conversation became general.

The conversation became more animated, as a demi tasse of mocha was placed before each one.

M. des Fontaines gently stirred his coffee and contemplated with the disinterested admiration of a well-bred man, madame's magnificent shoulders. She was quite conscious of this mute homage. Barnet-Dufour was carefully tasting his brandy of 1885, and Jose let his dark, velvety eyes wander slowly around.

The performance was finishing with an exhibition of moving pictures. A society Apache dressed in fashionable clothes had accompanied his companion home. She was taking off her furs and silks, when suddenly the Apache threw himself upon her, beats her to the floor, snatches her jewels from her ears and throat, takes her money, and then leaves her lifeless body lying across the white bearskin at the foot of the bed. Then came his flight, his pursuit, and his subsequent arrest.

The canvas remained black for a few seconds. Then the scene was a small square at daybreak and a group of soldiers. In the middle of the square there was something that resembled in the vague half-light of the early morning a little ladder with a strange form, showing a bright metallic point. A small door in the square opened, and a man in shirt sleeves came out, accom-

panied by a priest, who held before him an image of Christ. The excited spectators, whom the soldiers tried to keep in order, became furious and jeered at the condemned man.

"I cannot but admire you French women," said M. des Fontaines; "you can watch these ghastly pictures without changing color."

"I take no interest whatever in these sort of pictures. Those Apaches are vile, and that horrible machine—ball whirring in the air—has no interest in that."

"That is true, belle dame," he replied, smiling; "it is probable that neither you nor any one belonging to you, will ever have anything to do with the guillotine."

The Creole's words were uttered with more good nature than good taste—such, at least, Sabine and the two men thought and showed.

M. des Fontaines saw at once that he had been wanting in tact, so he hastened to say:

"Oh, pardon, madame; in my ignorance of the French language I sometimes say some things that must sound absolutely ridiculous to your subtle Parisian mind."

"I have known so few French people," continued the foreigner, "that is why I am so awkward with your language. But some time ago I had a charming fellow for a friend—a young Frenchman—Monsieur de la Roche, traveling. Unfortunately, he died recently; his death was terrible; he was murdered. You may have heard of him—M. Desfontaines smiled.

M. and Mme. Barnet-Dufour both shook their heads, and Jose put his cigarette in the ash tray. Then, rising, he said:

"Wouldn't you like to take a stroll on the boulevards now, madame?"

"The merchant made a sign for the addition, and each settled his bill. "Where shall we go?" asked the Creole; "there's a new music hall opened on the Place Blanche, I hear."

"Mon cher," said Mme. Barnet-Dufour to her husband, "I'm terribly tired. I prefer to go home."

The Creole understood that he ought not to insist. He said good night to them, and asked permission to call at some time in the near future and pay his respects to madame.

Sabine accorded it very coldly. M. and Mrs. Barnet-Dufour, followed by the inseparable Jose, then got into their automobile, while M. des Fontaines hailed a modest cab.

"Cocher, drive to the Rue des Recoillet," he said.

A Vitaly Illuminating Article On A Criminally Corrupt Condition In The Republican Party.

By Judson C. Welliver

Paradoxical as it may seem, half the votes necessary to control the Republican party in the next national convention represent the political machines of eleven states, no one of which has cast an electoral vote for a Republican presidential candidate for 35 years. The charge is made that these machines live through the grace and patronage of the Republican administration, and that the alliance is vicious and corrupt. Mr. Welliver presents evidence of vital interest to voters of every party.

"Barring Out The Stock Thieves"

By Isaac F. Maccosson—a timely article setting forth Kansas' unique plan of safeguarding her people's investments.

"Disarming New York"

By Charles E. Van Loan. This tells how the so-called "gun law" is working to end the reign of terror caused by the "gangs" of the East and West Sides of the metropolis.

"A Million American Stockholders"

By John S. Gregory.

"The Story of Karl Marx"

By Lyndon Orr. This gives an intimate study of the life and personality of the founder of socialism.

The FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, with its usual safe and sane suggestions to investors; STAGE COMMENT, that discusses theatre folk and their presentations from the viewpoint of the general public, and the usual able and informative EDITORIALS.

Another installment of the absorbingly interesting serial, "The Bandbox," by Louis Joseph Vance; and eleven short stories. Note—The demand for this number will be very large. Leave your order now with your nearest newsdealer, or send 10 cents direct to the publishers.

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY 175 Fifth Avenue, New York

DRESS REHEARSALS FOR 'COLLEGE HERO' COMPANY TO BEGIN

First Planned for Today. Seat Sale Opens Wednesday.

Dress rehearsals of the entire company which will produce "The College Hero" at the Columbia Theatre, the week of February 8, for the benefit of Washington charitable organizations, will be held in the ball room at the Raleigh today and tomorrow. Heretofore the constituent choruses have made use of the ball rooms of the New Willard, the Arlington, and the Raleigh.

With the combined organization presented today, a definite idea as to the character of the production will be obtained. More than 500 Washington men and women, all amateurs, will be seen in the show.

Announcement was made today that the regular sale of seats will commence at the Columbia next Wednesday morning. Orders for subscription seats are being taken at the headquarters of the committee in charge, in the Westory building.

The initial performance of "The College Hero" will take place Tuesday evening, February 6, and will be repeated every night during the remaining part of the week. A special matinee performance will be given the following Saturday.

Pierce to Deliver Series of Sermons

Dr. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, pastor of the All Souls' Unitarian Church, Fourteenth and L streets northwest, will preach a series of three sermons, beginning Sunday evening, discussing in general the Bible and modern life. Sunday evening he will talk on "The Bible—Its Purpose and Place"; Sunday, February 5, "The Bible and the Church"; February 11, "The Bible and Spiritual Culture."

A Permanent Cure For Chronic Constipation

Although those may dispute it who have not tried it, yet thousands of others, who speak from personal experience, assert that there is a permanent cure for chronic constipation. Some testify they were cured for as little as fifty cents, years ago, and that the trouble never came back on them, while others admit they took several bottles before a steady cure was brought about.

The remedy referred to is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It has been on the market for over a quarter of a century and has been popularized on its merits, by one person telling another.

The fact that its strongest supporters are women and elderly people—the ones most peculiarly constipated—makes it certain that the claims regarding it as a permanent cure for constipation have not been exaggerated.

It is not violent like cathartic pills, salts or waters, but operates gently without gripping and without shock to the system. It contains tonic properties that strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles so that in time medicines of all kinds can be dispensed with and nature is again solely relied on. Among the legions who testify to these facts are Mr. J. W. Whitley, Marion, Va., and Mr. Wm. Glenn, 2304 E. Preston St., Baltimore, Md., and they always have a bottle of it in the house, for it is a reliable laxative for all the family from infancy to old age.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 406 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

THE MUNSEY For February

George Barr McCutcheon's Newest Novel

The Hollow of Her Hand

starts serially in this number

"If you have read 'Granstark,' 'Beverly of Granstark,' 'Truxton King' and the other powerful stories of McCutcheon you know what to expect in his new serial, 'The Hollow of Her Hand,' the most fascinating of all McCutcheon's stories. It deals with the mysterious death of a rich New Yorker. He has been murdered, apparently, by a woman, but the perpetrator of the deed has disappeared without leaving a clue. The story develops through complications of growing emotional intensity to a most dramatic climax.

Another installment of the absorbingly interesting serial, "The Bandbox," by Louis Joseph Vance; and eleven short stories. Note—The demand for this number will be very large. Leave your order now with your nearest newsdealer, or send 10 cents direct to the publishers.

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